

Your Touch, My Comfort by Luddleston

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Summary:

Hanzo rarely felt at peace these days, but a week of leave was a blessing like no other when one had someone to spend it with.

Hanzo and McCree spend an afternoon together while they're on vacation. It involves a lot of kisses and a little bit of biting.

Your Touch, My Comfort

Author's Note:

- For [SizzlyCrisp](#).

Guys. I love writing McCree. I can just let out all my Southern. I'll write something from his POV next.

Hanzo rarely felt at peace these days.

When he did find time to let his mind rest, he appreciated it, particularly when they involved quiet times alone with McCree spread out on top of him, tracing all the tiniest lines in Hanzo's tattoo with his lips and tongue. They had little time for lazy sex, but a week of leave was a blessing like no other when one had someone to spend it with. Sure, the only other people living in the row of tiny Florida condos in February were 80-year-old retirees, but it wasn't like they spent much time getting to know their neighbors.

They were too busy getting to know each other, over and over again.

McCree glanced up at him and he looked a little wild, his beard untrimmed and his hair mussed from Hanzo's hands running through it. McCree's metal hand had long since gone warm with the heat of Hanzo's skin, and his eyes had gone hot.

"Hey there, gorgeous," McCree said, a smile cracking across his face.
"Doing alright?"

"Wonderfully," Hanzo said, hands around McCree's biceps, pulling him up so he could fit their lips together. McCree re-settled himself on Hanzo's body, covering him, weighing him down pleasantly. His callused fingers felt out the shape of Hanzo's cheekbone, thumb scratching through the hair on his jaw.

Both of them were half-clothed, too lazy to undress entirely, but too aroused to keep their clothes on. McCree was only wearing boxers, the rest of his clothes strewn all over the living room, and Hanzo lay on top of his undone haori, clothed from the waist down. McCree carded his hands through Hanzo's untied hair, robotic fingers rubbing circles on his graying temples. McCree was half-hard in his boxers and Hanzo grinned against his mouth. "Insatiable," he muttered. They'd already made love twice in as many hours, once in bed and once in the shower after, and Hanzo was, as he described himself, "too damn old," to do it again.

To which McCree had responded, "I'm nearly older'n you, Sugar."

"You're a year *younger*."

"Eh, six to one," he said, kissing along Hanzo's collarbones. "Still got you beat on stamina, even though both of us are well past bein' horny teenagers."

"I don't think I would have wanted to know you as a teenager," Hanzo said, but his grin was too warm for it to have been an admonishment. McCree pressed a sloppy, loud kiss to the side of Hanzo's neck, sucking on his skin, not hard enough to bruise.

"Take it you don't wanna go again?" McCree asked, fingers trailing down Hanzo's chest.

Hanzo threw his arms around McCree's neck and kissed him full on the mouth, the kind of thing he always wished he could do in the aftermath of a tough fight when he wanted nothing more than a reminder that they'd made it through another battle together. "I didn't say that," Hanzo replied, grinning.

Hanzo rolled them on the couch, trying to get McCree under him, but the couch was tiny and the two of them ended up on their sides, legs tangled together. There was a muttered, "aw, hell," from McCree when Hanzo's prosthetic leg stabbed him in the knee.

"Sorry," Hanzo mumbled.

“Nah,” McCree said, his metal hand cupping Hanzo’s head and his opposite pressed to his hip. He could be surprisingly gentle with the prosthetic hand, and Hanzo trusted him with it *nearly* always. He’d gotten a little nervous when McCree got it anywhere near his crotch, though. “A’ight, sweet thing, what do you wanna do?”

“Just kiss me,” Hanzo said, and McCree, as usual, obliged. He sucked on Hanzo’s lower lip, hips moving jerkily, too fast for the lazy mood, but McCree had always been impatient.

“Here,” McCree said, tilting Hanzo’s head with his hand so that Hanzo’s face was buried in his neck. “Here, gimme some more love bites, darlin’.” He already had plenty of them on his chest and the other side of his neck, but who was Hanzo to turn him down? Plus, when their leave was over and they went back to missions, McCree’s serape would cover up any evidence of what exactly they got up to on their time off.

Hanzo left gentle kisses first, wet and hot, McCree still grinding hard against his leg. He went back in with his teeth after, scraping over McCree’s tan skin, then sucking hard enough to leave visible bruises. His lover didn’t bruise easily, but Hanzo was in possession of a set of abnormally sharp canines.

“That’s it gorgeous, hell yes, mmm.”

He may not have been able to see McCree’s face, but Hanzo knew he had his eyes closed, eyebrows drawn up to the center of his forehead, lines creasing there. McCree moaned quiet praise, a trail of sweet nothings, his soft, drawling baritone making Hanzo smile against his neck.

“Jesse,” Hanzo sighed, tucking his nose against the underside of McCree’s jaw.

McCree ducked his head down, smiling at Hanzo the way he always did when Hanzo called him by name. “Baby,” he replied, kissing Hanzo’s cheek and the corner of his mouth. “You wanna take this to the bedroom?”

“Mmm, not right now,” Hanzo said, “on your back.”

“Sure thing, darlin’,” McCree said, letting Hanzo shift so he could roll onto his back. Hanzo straddled him, more careful with his prostheses than before. He could see the shape of McCree’s cock in his boxers, and he trailed his fingers along the underside, the small action tugging his boxers down just enough that the head of his cock poked out. “So damn good,” McCree groaned, his head tipping back. Earlier today, they’d been spread out on the bed, Hanzo sucking as much of McCree’s cock into his mouth as he could. He still couldn’t get all of it at once, but he practiced. Often.

One of McCree’s hands came up to press over the front end of Hanzo’s tattoo on his chest, his fingers digging in. He grabbed Hanzo’s opposite pectoral and pressed them together, pulling him close and kissing the center of his chest. “You got such a great body, beautiful. So fuckin’ sexy. Kiss me?”

Hanzo took McCree’s face in both his hands and tilted his head to one side, kissing him firmly. It didn’t last long; he pulled back and ran his hands down McCree’s sides, over the swell of his stomach until he reached his hips. “Do you want me to touch you?” Hanzo asked.

“Only always.”

McCree smiled brilliantly as Hanzo ran a hand up his cock, thumb smoothing over the head. McCree bit his lip and shuddered underneath him, over-sensitive after having come twice in one morning. “Go slow, alright, sweetheart? Any faster and I’m gonna come before you can get my shorts off.”

“I will,” Hanzo said, curling his fingers into the waistband of McCree’s boxers, pulling them down over his hips, shuffling to get them all the way off. “You want my hands on you? Or my mouth?”

“Hands, sweetie, wanna kiss you while you do it, c’mere, darlin’.” McCree put an arm around Hanzo’s waist, his palm warm and a little damp on the small of his back. His prosthetic hand was on the back of Hanzo’s neck as he pulled him in for another sweet kiss. Hanzo curled his hand around McCree’s cock, moving slowly, hand loose, knuckles brushing McCree’s belly.

He always looked incredible spread out under Hanzo like that, his head tipped back, flushed all the way down his chest with pleasure. This time, Hanzo was particularly liking the look of the fresh love bites on McCree's neck contrasting with the steadily fading ones from earlier. "You are lovely," he said, and McCree kissed his chest again, over his tattoo this time. He was too far gone to trace the tattoo with his mouth anymore, but he knew the magic thrumming in the ink made that area more sensitive.

"Harder, can you..." McCree started, his breath a huff, his hips rolling so he could fuck Hanzo's hand.

Hanzo obliged, moving his hand harder and faster, watching McCree's body clenching and flexing under his. He was close, his chest heaving, the muscles in his shoulders and upper arms cording up. His prosthetic hand was loose, like he couldn't remember to control it, but his other hand was curled into a fist in Hanzo's haori, still crumpled on the couch below them.

"That's it, darlin', *fuck*, gonna—" and if there was an end to that sentence, it got lost in a string of incoherent babbling as McCree came on Hanzo's knuckles and his own belly.

Hanzo kissed his chin and his lips, soft pecks because McCree could barely respond. "Good, Jesse," Hanzo said quietly, and McCree lit up underneath him at the praise, loose hands coming up to grab him around the waist.

"*Goddamn*," McCree huffed, "feel like I need a smoke now."

McCree thought his habit of lighting up a cigar after sex was classy. Hanzo thought it was ridiculous of him, yet strangely charming, like the belt buckle or the spurs.

Hanzo sat back and McCree got up, snatching a few tissues off the coffee table to clean off the mess on his belly. He handed some of them to Hanzo, who thanked him with a kiss on his cheek. "I think I'm obliged to thank you for that one," McCree said, nuzzling the crook of Hanzo's shoulder with his already-ragged beard. "May I?" He laid a hand on Hanzo's thigh, but, true to his complaints, Hanzo wasn't up for another round.

“No need,” he said, kissing McCree’s temple and stroking his shoulders.

“Aw, but I’m a gentleman, sweetheart.”

“Honestly? I’d like to curl up in bed with you and nap for a while,” Hanzo admitted, and McCree gave him a dopy, sexed-up smile and kissed him on the forehead.

“Well shit,” he said, drawing it out even more than usual, “sounds great.”

He tugged his boxers back on but neither of them bothered with other clothes. McCree pulled Hanzo to his feet, and was just about to pull him in the bedroom when he glanced toward the window. “You hear that?” he asked.

There was a tinny tune floating through the window and Hanzo gave McCree a quizzical look. “What?”

McCree bounced on the balls of his feet. “Ice cream truck,” he announced, grinning and grabbing his wallet off the coffee table. “Want anything?”

“McCree! Put some clothes on, at least,” Hanzo said, but by the time he tossed McCree’s jeans at him, the door was swinging on his hinges.

Hanzo rolled his eyes.

McCree’s venture was not in vain, though, apparently the truck driver had no qualms about selling ice cream bars to grown men in their boxers. They curled up in bed together, Hanzo’s prosthetic legs placed neatly at the foot of the bed, McCree with his arm around Hanzo’s shoulder, Hanzo kissing ice cream off McCree’s lips.

He wasn’t at peace often these days. But laying in a bedroom in a condominium all done up in the world’s ugliest pastels, Jesse making love to his mouth, that was a spot of calm he never wanted to leave.

Author's Note:

Hit me up with some prompts of the smutty variety on tumblr
@seldula!